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fruits that fall into the water from the overhanging branches of trees. The habits of the denizens of both forest and stream are well known to the wild men. 22

The Bororó also fish with a bow and an ordinary harpoon-pointed arrow, which they shoot into a fish when it comes near the surface, then dash into the water, seize the end of the arrow and drag the fish ashore. They cannot catch very large fish in this way. They do not care much for fish-hooks. The only time I saw them use them was to patrol the river once when fish were scarce. But this is a new method of fishing to them. [141] [227]

One day, we went fishing with hooks and lines off some rocks. After waiting some time for a bite, one of our hooks in the meantime getting fast in a log at the bottom of the river, several Bororó appeared, equipped with their sack-nets, and plunged into the river to fish. So we asked one of them to dive and release the hook. Coming up with it soon, he made us appear foolish by coolly informing us that there were no fish in that locality. Having learned to greatly respect Bororó knowledge of such matters, we drew in our lines and abandoned the spot.

When we arrived at the Tá Dáre Máno Páro village, the river Pogúbu teemed with fish, especially with a fine specie called *pacú* by the Brazilians. A low, rumbling sound, like the paddling of a steamboat in the distance, caused by these fish, issued from the river. In these seasons of plenty, the natives are contented and grow fleshy. [103] [136] [511]

The Bororó frequently plunge into the turbid waters of the river at the dead of night when the darkness is inky, and swimming and diving, fish for hours while descending with the current. Of course they can see nothing, so must guide themselves by the senses of feeling and hearing. They have no canoes, nor any knowledge of how to make them. [501]

One of the most striking traits of character of these children of Nature is their power of imitation. Their music (?) is almost wholly the reproducing of the voices of the many wild creatures they know, while their sports are close imita- 151 825

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tions of the doings of animate nature, not excepting even the insects. Indeed, the imitating of animals appears to form a large part of Bororó life.

Late, one murky afternoon, I had the pleasure of seeing them run what they call the *Mano* race. *Mano* is their name for the small, wild banana-plant used in this race. The word also means youth, or young man. Perhaps the name means, the young men's race. The race is run by two groups of men each carrying a ponderous roll of the *mano* plants, and seems to be a close imitation of some of the performances of the saũba ants.

Early in the day, all the men of the village went up the river to a spot where the *mano* grows, and cut a ton or two of the plants, which grow but three or four feet high, brought the material down the river on rude floats made of bundles of bamboo or burity-palm wood, carried it to a point about seven hundred yards from the village and placed it in two piles, one for each of the two divisions of the village, the *Shcraidi* and the *Ta Nagarĕda*.

Each group of contestants now seated themselves on the damp ground and prepared the *mano* by cutting off the tops, leaving a spongy stalk eighteen inches long. This done, each group transformed its stack of material into a huge roll, or wheel. To do this, two men placed themselves face to face, five feet apart, like living posts, having two long cords passed over their shoulders and looped down to the ground between them, and supported by two companions who leaned against them, back to back; then the *mano* was piled between these human posts and the cords were thrown over it and drawn tight by placing the rolls on their sides and three or four savages pulling on the end of each cord while others pommeled the green mass over the cords. When tightly bound, each wheel was again placed in an upright position ready to be seized and hurried off in the mad race for the village.

But primitive men must do things decently and in order as well as their more favored civilized brothers. A *Ta*

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533 nearly every evening just after nightfall. It is the wild man's
825 evening anthem—a grand, pandemoniacal serenade, primitive
534 charivari, or callithumpian band and madman's glee club chorus, reproducing the harsh, strident and fearsome vociferations of the denizens of forest, marsh and stream, and supplemented by pumping artificial thunder through huge trumpets' of savage manufacture. I passed three nights in the great hut
103 at a village called the Kogi au Paro, where I saw and heard the
114 *bakororó* at close quarters.

The air was heavily charged with savage odors, while the darkness was intense, slightly broken momentarily by the fitful, lurid flame of the little fire in one corner of the pen where our pot of boiled beef was being fried for the fifth time; so the outline of the group of nude, bronze savages could be discerned only occasionally. But, though there was little that appealed to the sense of sight, the auricular sense was almost overwhelmed by the hurricane of confused, strident noises that swept over us, issuing from this storm-center-like horde, and which sounded more like the cries and roars of a maddened menagerie than the utterances of human beings. One could easily imagine that he was assisting at a general assembly or world's convention of all creation;—that all four-footed beasts, flying fowl and creeping things, and, in brief, "everything that hath breath," had joined in a grand jubilee chorus, or *sangerfest*.

535 Standing in the center of the big, primitive music hall, and dancing by squatting slightly without lifting the feet, the savage chorus bellowed and roared with a powerful tremulo and
533 a mighty crescendo. They mimicked the bass *onca! onca!* of the
825 jaguar; they barked, howled, yelped and horned in imitation
151 of the wild dogs and foxes; they laughed like hyenas; whistled like the tapir; grunted, scolded and squealed like the wild hogs; bleated like the deer; squeaked like the capibara; twanged a guitar, like the inhahuma; chirped, piped and bellowed in imitation of all the frogs and toads; roared, or howled, hoarsely and stridently, like monkeys singing their morning anthem; honked like the giant crane; chattered and screamed loudly,

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like the parrots; hooted, squaked and peeped, mimicking the notes of various other families of birds; snorted, wheezed, growled and hissed. The irrational world nightly chants its *bakororó*, Why may not these human denizens of the wilds also chant theirs? Hearing this tumult of wild, discordant sounds and confused noises, especially under the circumstances which we did and in such a savage locality, was like experiencing a strange, uncanny nightmare, which could not fail to make impressions upon the mind that will remain vivid while life endures.

This *bakororó* is always sung on the vesper of a hunting expedition, and seems to be in honor of the animal the savages intend to hunt the following day. They do not appear to articulate words in this wild uproar; or if they do, it is merely a constant repetition of a very few words only. The *bakororó* is also sung in honor of visitors. Savages observe time only in their music, ignoring harmony and tune.

After the singing of the *bakororó* that I witnessed, all the savages went outside the great hut, where they cleared a space of black ground, then formed animals in relief with ashes, especially the figure of the tapir, which they purposed to hunt the next day. The proportions were good of the animals of their world; but when they tried to form a horse and rider, the result was a monstrosity, for the horse is a new animal to them. They greatly admire hunting with horses and dogs, as well they may, since by their method of hunting they must pursue an animal on foot for hours at full speed. The forming of animals in relief seems to be also in honor of these animals.

It was very interesting to observe how childlike these primitive people are, and in how many ways they resemble the irrational creatures of their world. Though they have the bodies of strong, well-developed men and women, they give abundant evidence that they have the mind only of a child. Their language is rude and very limited, and without language man cannot think and reason, and his mind remains in an untutored, infantile state.

In common with the wild beasts, the wild man obtains his

/481 cont./

415 on the hunt needed no vessels or they knew how to make do with The men fruit /482/ shells and bamboo, they kept their feathers in large bamboo boxes, and the women made pot-bowls and water pots at [824] home. The giant bamboo does not grow in the vicinity of the colony, but is fetched from some distance; we found containers 50-60 centimeters long and nine centimeters thick, out of which longitudinal lids had been cut.

224 On page 558 I have presented drastic examples of the crude lack of understanding which was characteristic of the Bororó in contrast to the field cultivation of the Brazilians. The men went out hunting for days and weeks; sometimes they were accompanied by a few women. Thus it was not a purely nomadic life, but rather settlement was present. It was made possible by the roasting of game and by fishing.

[25] We saw a group of returning hunters; they brought home in carrying baskets a quantity of meat very thoroughly roasted, black and dry, chiefly wild pig, fowl, and turtles, with large, charred pieces of skin and only little meat adhering to them.

[151] The Brazilians valued the Bororó as excellent trackers; deserting soldiers were soon caught with their help.*

487 * In order to prevent the troops sent out against them from finding their village, the natives resorted to the ruse of traveling the final stretch of the way through the trees as much as possible.

226 Fish were shot with arrows or caught with hooks, which they made out of stolen iron and out of the shell of the turtle, copying the Brazilian model, or in nets; in that a circle was formed and the fish driven together. They also blocked narrower rivers with branches and grass, leaving a few funnel-shaped entrance holes, behind which an enclosure of bamboo sticks was erected. In shallow rivers, Clemente said, the Indians remained in the water [149] all night, working by palm torches. The assertion that they were [824] able to remain under water for a long time remains incompre- [296] hensible to me. They chewed the bitter leaves of the "dyorúbo"